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Emerson.

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"Deep in the man sits fast his fate
To mould his fortunes, mean or great."

Before each one of us, in the morning of our life, is placed a block of stone, rare and beautiful, and in our hand a chisel to carve a monument that will stand high or low, with all its beauties and blemishes, its delicate lines of loveliness and rough, uncarved surface, just as we leave it at the sunset of life. The grandeur, beauty and endurance of that monument depend upon our own exertion. With the few we may write our inscription in letters of gold, or with the many in characters of charcoal. Time mocks the might of power and laughs at Grandeur's dream; but Time is the true and tried friend of genius; the crucible in which the pure, yellow gold of worth is separated from the dross of baser metals. Many stars—few planets—are shining in the heavens. There are, in the temple of fame, many small, few great lights. Many have tried, few have succeeded in carving a monument

"Which towers up into the azure sky
Beyond the swallow's flight and past the stars."

There are, however, a few great monuments; one of these, glorious and sublime, brightened by the sun of centuries, not one of its clear-cut, delicate lines dimmed by the warring elements of ages, towers majestically into the blue sky, and bears on its colossal face "one of the few immortal names"—the name of Homer. Pure marble, white as the robes of the elect, towering upward through the azure light, almost to the great white throne of God, there stands another

monument carved by immortal Dante. In all its grandeur, a third lofty monument lifts its majestic head and hides it in the great white clouds of heaven; and on this marble grand is blazoned, in letters of golden light, the name of John Milton. Near that of Homer stands another monument, almost as grand and of surpassing loveliness. There has it stood for centuries, and a diamond inscription flashes from its smooth, beauteous front—the name of William Shakspeare. Though it be not so grand as that of the great ones of earth, we may carve in our monument the good deeds of a life well spent—a memorial garland of never-fading flowers.

During the past century, monuments of artists, almost as exalted as Homer, Dante, Milton and Shakspeare, have been adorned with all the skill of famous masters. A few great men, with their magic implements, are still at work carving on imperishable stone their immortal names. At the head of these mighty ones stands an old, white-haired Prince of the Church; a king among men; as modest as he is famous; as gentle as he is powerful; as kind as he is good; and when in his eternal monument the last line of beauty has been carved, when his mighty pen has fallen from his hand, the world will shade its eyes as it looks on the intolerable brightness of the name of Newman.

On the other side of the Atlantic, where its restless, ever-changing billows beat against the shores of the mightiest republic born of Time, another artist has carved an everlasting monument of fame, which is the admiration of nations; but the pines sigh mournfully and the green grasses long have waved over the grave of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It is our purpose to examine the monument he has left; to point out a few of its beauties, and discover its defects.

A poet in the highest sense of the word, Emerson is not. He has not the soul, the imagination of a true poet. Not a single passage of his poetry can be truly said to have become a familiar quotation like the "Patience on a Monument" of Shakspeare; the "Darkness Visible" of Milton, or the "Where Ignorance is Bliss" of Gray. Like a swallow, Emerson's song sometimes soars to a sublime height, only to descend again and skim over the earth. At one time his strains sound like the sweet, plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will; again they are the monotonous twittering of the swallow. Some of his poetical images are bright as the crimson breast of the oriole; others dusky as the breast of a night-bird.

"Poetry," says Milton, "ought to be simple, sensuous and impassioned." Emerson's verse is often affected, seldom sensuous, never impassioned. Seldom he takes wings of an eagle and soars as high as this:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low Thou must!
The youth replies, I can."

The following stanza has the clearness, grace and beauty of the song of a great poet:

"And ever, when the happy child
In May beholds the blooming wild,
And hears in Heaven the bluebird sing
'Onward!' he cries, 'your baskets bring!
In the next field is air more mild,
And in yon lazy west is Eden's balmier spring.'"

The little poem of the "Days," in imitation of the antique, shows how well suited to his lofty ideas is the strain of blank verse:

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will:
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden watch the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

Ready to see beauty everywhere, Emerson clothes the commonest aspects of life with the colors of his imagination:

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake."

Though inclined to the realistic school, Emerson is by no means an extreme realist. In his lecture on "Poetry and Imagination," he says:

"What we have once admired as poetry has long since come to be a sound of tin pans; and many of our later books we have outgrown."

In the mechanical part of metrical composition lies Emerson's chief defect. He appears to have no ear for the music of rhythm. He attempts at various times to make "feeble" rhyme with "people," "abroad" with "Lord," and even worse rhymes. In the following lines a most striking proof of this deficiency exists:

"Where feeds the moose and walks the surly bear
And up the tall mast runs the woodpeck"—are!

"How," says Holmes, "could prose go on four legs more unmetrically than this?"

"In Adirondac lakes

At morn or noon the guide rows bare-headed."

Notice the slight change necessary to transform a bad line of prose into a good line of poetry:

"At morn or noon bare-headed rows the guide."

Emerson's verse is truly characterized by Matthew Arnold in the following: "His poetry is interesting, it makes one think; but it is not the poetry of born poets."

In 1836 a thin little book appeared bearing the title "Nature." "This materially differs from anything that Emerson had previously written. It contained a strange, weird sort of philosophy, and was a kind of prose poem." He dwells with intense delight upon the varying scenes in nature, the birds and blossoms of summer, the snows and ice of winter. He is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Wordsworth—no writer more. Nature is his idol, his love—almost his god. "In this essay," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "there are touches of description, vivid, high colored, not so much pictures, as hints and impressions for pictures." A paragraph from the chapter on "Discipline" gives a good idea of the style of this essay:

"To a man laboring under calamity, the heart of his own fire hath a sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt for the landscape felt by him who has just lost a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population."

In this essay, as elsewhere, Emerson gives us rare oils "to feed the undying lamp of thought," but on the whole fails to impress on our mind any great image or lasting truth.

The first volume of Emerson's collected essays appeared in 1841. The following are the subjects treated: "History"; "Self-Reliance"; "Compensation"; "Spiritual Laws"; "Love"; "Friendship"; "Prudence"; "Heroism"; "The Over Soul"; "Circles"; "Intellect"; "Art." The "Young American," which is now included in the volume, was not written until 1844. Emerson seldom changes his mood. He gives us the same air again and again through an infinite variety of variations. His entire essay on "History" may be summed up in the words:

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

His essay "Self-Reliance" is teeming with noble sentiments and gems of thought. In this production he teaches the great lesson of self-reliance. He would have us set our course by the stars, reminding us, at the same time, that "in great attempts 'tis glorious e'en to fail." Sometimes he appears to forget that whatever there is of power and intellect shining in man, 'tis only a reflection of the Infinite. Emerson's religious essays contain sentiments of the most "liberal" character. "'Compensation' might have been preached in a synagogue, and the rabbi would have been praised for his performance."

Like many "philanthropists" of the present day, Emerson believed that flowers, literature, painting, music and sculpture are sufficient to reform the morals of the human race. Experience and the lives of those who are surrounded with everything that should make existence good and beautiful, prove the falsity of this doctrine. Proper education is the only remedy of vice. More than half the world sins through illiteracy; for illiteracy is the parent of vice. Blinded by ignorance, men grope along the narrow, precipitous path of life, and stumble and fall on either side into the snares and pitfalls of sin. Remove their blindness, and the perilous places will be seen and avoided. He who is learned in the science of God and religion may confound the subtlety of hell and the wisdom of ages.

In the essay on "Love," Emerson, like the style of all the writers of the Concord or Transcendental school, falls into a strain like this: "Every soul is a celestial being to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances." Commenting on the foregoing paragraph, an English critic says: "Unsound it is indeed, and in a style impossible to a born man of letters."

His second series of essays was published by Emerson in the year 1844. An essay entitled "The Poet," which formed a part of this series, contains the following "wild and extravagant" passage: "All that we call sacred history attests that the birth of a poet is the principal event in chronology." "What," says Holmes, "were the squabbles of the tribes with each other, or with their neighbors, compared to the birth of that poet to whom we owe the Psalms—the sweetest singer, whose voice is still the dearest of all that ever sang to the heart of mankind?" The poet finds his materials everywhere, as Emerson tells him in this eloquent apostrophe:

"Thou true land bird! sea bird! air bird! Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly, wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds, or sown with stars, wherever are forms with transparent boundaries, wherever are outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger and awe and love, there is Beauty, plenteous as rain, shed for thee; and though thou shouldst walk the world over, thou shouldst not be able to find a condition importune or ignoble."

"All writing," says Emerson, "comes by the grace of God." He might also have added:

"The voice that sings for God and Right,
It makes a silent music up in Heaven
And saints and all the angels hear."

In his essay on "Manners," the Concord philosopher says: "The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior." A dainty little essay entitled "Gifts," contains these elegant sentences: "Flowers and fruits are always fit presents; flowers because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. Fruits are acceptable gifts because they are the flower of commodities."

Emerson's great success as an essayist is due to his wide acquaintance with the writings of both ancient and modern authors. "For," says a Greek proverb, "to know where you can find a thing is, in reality, the best part of learning."

Emerson, as a lecturer, attained his greatest success. With this beautiful picture he begins an address delivered before the Senior class in Divinity College, Cambridge, July 15, 1838:

"In this refulgent summer it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life. The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of flowers. The air is full of birds and sweet with the breath of the pine, the balm of Gilead and the new hay. Night brings no gloom to the heart with its welcome shade. Through the transparent darkness the stars pour their almost spiritual rays. Man under them seems a young child, and his huge globe a toy. The cool night bathes the world as with a river, and prepares his eyes again for the crimson dawn." How full of harmony are these sentences; making in the silence of our thoughts a melody as sweet and low as the music of slow-waving boughs.

"I remember," says Dr. Holmes, "that in the dreadful war time, on one of those days of anguish and terror, I fell in with Governor Andrew on his way to a lecture of Emerson's, where he was going, he said, to relieve the strain upon his mind. An hour passed in listening to that flow of thought, calm and clear as the diamond drops that distil from a mountain rock, was a true nepenthe for a care-worn soul." "A lecture

must be vivid, varied, picturesque, stimulating, or the audience will tire." This was Emerson's rule, and he followed it to the letter. "A dictum," says James Russell Lowell, "at once so rich and so homely as his, I know not where to match in these days of writing by the page; it is like home and spun cloth of gold."

In considering American literature we are often disposed to overlook the defects of our countrymen. This ought not to be. Concealing his faults is as great an injustice to an author as denying his merits. For, as the impurities which surround it must be removed before the full beauty of a jewel is revealed, so an author's defects must be pointed out before the full beauty of his thought or style can be clearly seen.

Emerson cannot be placed among the great men of letters. He has no place with Plato, Cicero, Bacon, or Newman—men whose style is the study and the admiration of the world—"whose prose is, by a kind of necessity, true and sound." "It is a curious thing," says Matthew Arnold, "that quality of style which marks the great writer, the born man of letters. It resides in the whole tissue of his work, and of his work regarded as a composition for literary purposes. Brilliant and powerful passages in a man's writings do not prove his possession of it; it lies in their whole tissue."

Many of the short epigrammatic sentences in Emerson's productions flash like gems in the morning sunlight. There are some passages in his works as finely and delicately wrought as the spider's beauteous web. He often delights us by the beauty of his expression, though he seldom raises our minds to a contemplation of the sublime.

No American writer, Hawthorne excepted, wrote more poetry in his prose than Emerson. In strains such as these there is a sweetness and musical cadence unsurpassed by the most poetical passages in Hawthorne:

"There are Muses in the woods to-day, and whispers to be heard in the breezes."

Again:

"When the day was not long enough but the night too must be consumed When the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song."

Emerson's style is vivid, terse, graphic, with just enough poetical coloring to give it an agreeable tinge; but his manner of sweeping together into one paragraph a number of unsorted ideas bearing little or no relation to each other often gives rise to obscurity. He can scarcely be called a great philosopher. Rather is he "a man who in his exuberant thought uttered what

came first, and his fragments of wisdom seem as little to belong to him as his fragments of folly. The reader picks up and carries off what best pleases him, as if there were no owner there; as if it were a treasure-trove and he was entitled to it as the first finder."

A good characterization of Emerson's style is given by his friend and biographer, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"His style is epigrammatic, incisive, sometimes quaint, never obscure, except when he is handling nebulous subjects. His paragraphs are full of brittle sentences that break apart and are independent units, like the fragments of a coral colony. His imagery is frequently daring, leaping from the concrete to the abstract, from the special to the general and universal, and *vice versa*, with a bound that is like a flight."

In spite of his many weaknesses, Emerson's was a noble character. "What was grandest, loftiest, purest in human character," says Holmes, "chiefly interested him." He goes through the world, where coarser minds find so much to dwell upon,

"Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet."

An American critic concludes a review of the essay on "Nature" in the following words:

"On reviewing what we have already said of this singular work, the criticism appears to be couched in contradictory terms; we can only allege in excuse that the book is a contradiction in itself."

What is true of this particular work holds good for all Emerson's writings. Take up his works, look them over page by page, and you will find good writing, good philosophy, passages of great force and beauty of expression, marred by obscurity and faults of style.

Near a small Massachusetts village, in a quiet spot close beside Hawthorne and Thoreau, the "Seer of Concord" peacefully sleeps the hours away; and as we look upon that lowly grave the breezes seem to whisper:

"The angels watch and guard him here,
And passing peoples drop a tear."

Electric Lighting.

Recent years have witnessed such extraordinary developments in all departments of scientific industry that the most imaginative intellects of our ancestors could hardly conceive of the practical application of modern inventions. What would in their day be viewed as the dream of the visionary and enthusiast is now satisfactorily realized. The present century is distinctively one of scientific research. The exhaustless field of natural science has been the subject of such innumerable investigations, and the

success which has met the efforts of applying recent inventions has been so great that the amazed student may well wonder what the future will bring forth. Too frequently is the inquiring mind confused by attempts at explanations that can only serve to excite the curiosity without satisfying reason.

Science appears to wear a very different aspect after we have gone beyond the class-room, and find illustrations of the highest doctrine of science in games, machinery, in the human frame, in storms of the air and sea, and wherever there is matter in motion. This habit of recognizing principles amid the endless variety of their operations can never degrade our appreciation of the sublimity of nature, or mar our enjoyment of its beauty. On the contrary, it tends to rescue our scientific ideas from that vague condition in which we too often leave them, buried among the other products of a lazy credulity, and to raise them to their proper position among the doctrines in which our faith is so assured that we are ready at all times to act on them.

Experiments of illustration may be of the commonest operations of ordinary life, others may be carefully arranged exhibitions of some phenomenon which occurs only under peculiar conditions. All agreeing, however, in this, that their aim is to present some phenomenon to the senses of the student in such a way that he may associate with it some appropriate scientific idea. Prominent among the recent discoveries, and of which we really know so little about, is the subject of electricity. Its applications are so numerous that they are found in all departments of business life as a motive power, producing light and resuscitating enfeebled life. What it is we know not. Whether or not the question will ever be satisfactorily answered is of itself doubtful. Of matter we know nothing, other than that it was not made by a natural process. It is only when we contemplate matter, not in itself, but in the form in which it exists, that our minds find something on which they can lay hold. We use our knowledge of its properties only, and have no data of our own to speculate on its origin.

The principle of electro-magnetic induction belongs by discovery to Michael Faraday, and since his day thousands have attempted to develop its applications; but the genius and insight required for its accomplishment has been noticeably confined to a few. Many, however, have found encouragement to continue their attempts at solving the wonderful problem. The principle on which all electric generators are founded re-

lies on the fact that if a wire be moved near the poles of a magnet so as to cut its lines of force, a force causing a current to flow from one end of the wire to the other is produced.

The lamps, as now used, are divided into two great classes, the arc and incandescent; the former again is subdivided into those working with the direct and alternating current, and has for some time received the attention of electricians. Among them was a Mr. Starr, an Englishman, who had devoted some attention to the ordinary arc between charcoal points. In his efforts to maintain constancy he constructed a device by which he was enabled to effect an automatic renewal of contact by means of an electro-magnet; the armature receiving the electric flow when the arc was broken and being charged with magnetism, the carbons would converge, and then withdraw to their required separation when the flow returned. He further reasoned that the electric spark between the metals, the electric arc between the carbons, and various other phenomena due to luminous electricity, were caused by the beating and illumination of electric carriers; that the spark of the conductors of ordinary electrical machines is but a transfer of incandescent portions of metal causing a disruptive discharge of electrical convection; and that the more brilliant arc between the carbon points is simply due to the use of a substance which breaks up more readily, and gives a larger and more continuous stream of incandescent convection particles. His theory was at the time considered improbable, but later generally accepted. Because the solid particles heated by electric disturbance being the source of light, he concluded that it would be more advantageous from an economical view to insert a continuous solid barrier in the current, which would present enough resistance to its passage to become bodily incandescent without disruption. Patents were granted upon this system in which the metal used was plumbago and other forms of carbon, the one giving the best satisfaction being that which lines gas-retorts that have been long in use. Another difficulty, and the one that was never successfully removed, was that the voltaic battery was a hopeless source of power for the purposes of practical illumination, and that steam-power, generated by magneto-electric machinery, must be substituted. Death interrupted Mr. Starr from continuing his promising investigations.

Later years have found far more enthusiasts engaged in the attempt to arrange a practical application of this mysterious power. Several have been able to advance probable theories.

The case of electricity, as in use at present, is, as several have demonstrated, that if the ends of the moving wire be connected by a conductor or sunk into the earth, the great store-house of electricity, thus forming a complete circuit, a flow of the electric current will continue until the electro-motive force has been expended, and by inserting in the circuit either the arc or incandescent lamp a proportional amount of the electro-motive force will be expended as the current is converted into light and heat. Thus it will be observed that the phenomena of generating steam-power, or other force, and conveying from the generator the energy thus produced and converting it into heat and light some distance off, forms the operation. Considerable attention has been devoted to the construction of a generator capable of converting the greatest amount of mechanical energy into electrical energy, with the least possible waste; and it was not until quite recently that any satisfactory experiment had been made to warrant its solution. The ratio of the electric resistance of the wire to that of the lamp is the smallest possible, and a maximum amount of electro-motive force is another necessary condition, which is of further advantage by making very powerful magnets, causing a rapid motion of the wires, and by increasing the length of the wire by using a coil of wire instead of a single piece.

The electro-magnets generally used are made of soft iron and wrapped round with insulated wire, becoming magnetic only on receiving a charge of the current; while for the speed the revolutions may be increased to any number, limited, of course, by the strength of the wheel's resistance to centrifugal force; and, finally, by increasing the length of the moving wire of proper dimensions so as to cause no diminution of the current. The electro-motive force and the coil of wire are in opposite directions corresponding to the positive and negative poles. In another class of similar machines is a commutator, consisting of a number of copper plates fastened to several parts of the wire fixed on to the axle and revolving with it, to which the currents produced are conveyed. As first invented by an Italian in 1860, the commutator consisted of several pieces of copper, distributed round the axle of the machine, each being connected to a part of the spiral on the ring directly opposite. Two "brushes" are placed so as to press on the plates as they reach their respective positions; and the currents, instead of being opposed in the ring, flow out together into one brush, pass through the wires and lamp, and return by the other brush.

The principle upon which later inventions are constructed are practically the same, differing only in particulars of minor importance. The chief feature of the Gramme and Siemens machines is their capability of producing a single light of great power, and efforts to construct this class of machines with sufficient force to burn more than one or two arc lights on the same circuit, have not been such as to warrant success.

The general principle of all arc regulator lights may be stated thus: "Before the lamp is lighted the carbons are in contact. The current being sent through them passes on its way through a small electro-magnet which, pulling a lever, separates the carbons and forms the arc. As soon as the carbons are a little burnt away, the arc, becoming longer, offers more resistance and diminishes the current, which has all this time been passing through the electro-magnet, is now no longer able to hold a second lever which is pulled away from it by a spring. As it flies away it releases a train of wheel-work actuated by the weight of the upper carbon, and the carbons approach; and the arc getting shorter, the current becomes stronger, and the magnet again pulls its lever and stops the wheel-work."

The successful subdivision of the electric current has been accomplished by Edison in America and Swan in England, both being constructed practically upon the same principle. The lamp contains a horse-shoe shaped thread of carbon, about one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter and extending from a metal wire to the interior of a glass bulb. In the Edison light the carbon thread is formed of a tough vegetable fibre, generally bamboo, subjected to a white heat to afford a sufficiently high resistance; while in the Swan lamp cardboard has generally been used.

The globe containing the thread or filament has the air inside entirely exhausted by means of an air pump, and, at the same time, a current is sent through the filament to produce a heat as intense as is needed in actual use to remove all air and vapors that may be contained in the carbon, and then hermetically sealed. The carbon filament will then assume an incandescent or white heat on the application of a suitable generating power for the production of an electric current.

To determine the force expended and other measures of electric phenomena various standards have been adopted, similar in purpose to the gas and water meter, generally receiving their name from the parties by whom they were

invented. Quantity refers both to the number of particles affected and to the force centred in each; while intensity has reference only to the amount of force in each particle; for in one case each particle is in very rapid vibration, in the other very many are in vibration, and the sum of all determines the quantity. As these qualities are both to be found in every electrified body, the charge is characterized by the quality predominating. The "Volt" is the unit of electro-motive force, of which about sixty-five are required to maintain an arc light. To represent a unit of electrical resistance the "Ohm" is used, and the unit of current is called an "Ampere," being the current that one volt is capable of sending through one ohm. Other systems of measurement have been in use, but these are generally adopted by electricians.

W. K. '92.

The Drama of Life.

"I love to roam by babbling brooks and muse
On Nature and on Nature's God. I love
To take the wings of fancy and to rove
Among the thought-pines till myself I loose
In Imagination's realms. I choose
For a companion lonely solitude,
And lying 'neath some shady tree I brood
On life—life mystical, yet sublime.
O little spark of mystery! O flame
That burns within me like the star
Twinkling and glimmering in the blue sky afar!
I cannot understand just how you came
And animated flesh. Alone doth God
Possess that knowledge. Beneath this sod,
Maybe this very sod on which I lay
This mass of matter in corruption lie
My soul ascend for judgment to the sky,
My flesh shall be resolved back to clay."

I.

It is the morning, the springtime of life. Around the old mansion all is gayety and joy. The little birds are fluttering among the vines and trees chirping the songs of returning spring. How happy they seem! Flying from branch to branch, from the limbs to the earth, they never cease their chirping. Some chase each other in merry sport; some pick up a straw to build a home which we call nests; some take up a crumb or worm to carry to their young.

The trees are beginning to put forth their tender leaves, and the tiny blades of grass begin to creep from out the crust of the soft earth which has been so long frozen by the cold and icy breath and touch of the hoary northern king.

Within the house all is cheerfulness and happiness. Through the open window the bright sunlight is streaming in, and throwing on the

floor its bright sunbeams. A mother clasping to her breast her infant boy, the jewel of her heart and home, her greatest joy, the subject of her tenderest care, her hope, her love, her very life, her second self.

O little child, so innocent and pure! you are like the snowflake which falls from the wintry sky. Grasping by degrees the bits of knowledge scattered in thy daily path; learning in time the meaning of the strange and curious marks upon the printed page; asking puzzling questions, whose answers would perplex philosophers; remembering facts, observing things; and thus is passed in happiness the primal period of life.

Such is the picture of the first scene in the greatest of all dramas—the drama of life.

II.

And then 'tis the summer, the noontime of life. This is the season when the fields are golden with the harvest fruit; when the schoolboy, free from his books and tasks, delights to fish and wade in the cool and murmuring waters of some woodland brook; when the sun emits his fiery rays in all his strength and glory, and when the woods seem inhabited by creations of the mind and fancy—by fairies, nymphs and goblins, who play their pranks unseen, unknown, except in the mind of the idle dreamer.

And where is now the little boy that played his part so well? He has grown up into a youth straight as the pines of his fathers. He has come to the place where the road branches off into different directions. But will he set out on the path that leads to the Gardens of Hope, or the one that leads to the dark and dismal swamp of Despair? That he alone of mortals can answer.

Thus passes the second scene in the drama of human existence.

III.

And now 'tis the afternoon time, the autumn of life. How pleasant it is to drive through the autumn woods! The dry twigs crack under the carriage wheels; the "sear and yellow leaf" falls lightly to the ground; the squirrel collects his winter food, and the boys gather the nuts which they crack and eat on winter evenings before a blazing fire.

The harvest has been gathered, and the farmer's barns are filled with the fruits of his labors. The locusts and katydids are singing the requiem for summer. Already the birds are beginning to fly to the South, and signs of the approaching of winter appear.

The youth is now a man. He has learnt the

sacred lore of love, and met and wooed and won. When at evening's dusk he seeks his home, he is welcomed at the door by her who clasped her hand in his in marriage vows to journey with him down the stream of life in joy and grief, in sickness and in health. A little life is born again, and thus another drama is begun.

O man, what dignity is thine! The greatest of God's earthly creatures, the image of Himself! This is truth indeed which Shakspeare says:

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

Thus ends the third scene in the mystical play.

IV.

And at last 'tis the evening, the winter, the sunset of life. The snow had been falling fast and thick all day, but it had now stopped. The wind howled and moaned around the house collecting the snow in long white drifts. The street lights shed their pale white rays, and the people hurried through the streets to their evening meal. Now the wind has ceased, and now it commences again in all its fury.

"Why moanest thou, O wind!
And doth not sing?
Why all night long thou sighest
Like a guilty thing?"

Within the house, sitting in an arm-chair before the fire, is an old man whose head is covered by the snows of departed years. Vacantly he stares at the red glow of the burning coals. The light of day has gone; the fire burns lower and lower; his head begins to sink upon his bosom, and soon a deep sleep has settled on his brow.

In fancy, he saw the days of his childhood flit swiftly by; and then the happy times of youth arose before him, but they too vanished like dust; then the period of manhood—manhood vigorous and full of animation—passed like a vision; and at last old age, with its tottering step, its bent and feeble frame and snow-white head, was passing at the present. He heard sweet music—the faint, far sounds of the guitar struck by fair and nimble fingers, but not of flesh. He yearned for that mother who, eighty years ago and more, had held him to her heart, while she sang the songs that lulled him to sleep. For many years she had been sleeping the sleep of peace in the old churchyard. He sighed for that voice which no other voice could equal, but it had been hushed forever.

"O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

It is dark. The clock has struck the hour of midnight; the wind has ceased; the fire has completely burned out, and the life that was there has gone. Death, like a thief, had come in the night time, and robbed the old man of life. O death, thou grim and terrible visitor, how little do we all think of thee, and yet thou art often so near!

There are but four steps from the cradle to the grave. First, the infant, growing into the

child and entering school; then, the youth finishing his studies, preparatory to beginning his active life; then, the man, learning the meaning of responsibilities and cares, of labor and the command to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow; and then the old man, entering the state of second childhood, and resting, let us hope, after a life of usefulness.

All is over! The curtain has fallen; the stage has been cleared, and the drama of life is ended.

HENRY S. CAUTHORN, '91.

A Modern Martyr.

Father Damien, the priest whose devotion to the lepers of Molokai has called out a warm tribute of respect from every heart capable of appreciating heroism and self-sacrifice, fell a victim last month to the dreadful disease, the horrors of which he had so greatly alleviated in others. Sixteen years ago Father Damien took upon himself the task of rescuing from degradation and despairing misery the unfortunate beings who herded like cattle upon the island of Molokai. He established order, won their love and confidence, built schools and churches, procured food and clothing for the needy sufferers and brought them the consolations of religion. He aroused the lingering spark of self-respect that feebly flickered among them and set before them in his own pure living a shining light to guide their stumbling feet. It was about four years ago that he himself became a leper. His noble example has not been lost upon the world; others are ready to take his place and continue the good work so well begun. A letter from Thomas F. Meehan to the *New York Evening Post* states that "a year ago Father Leopold N. Conrardy left San Francisco to help and succeed Father Damien, and the last hours of the martyr of Molokai were consoled by the fact that he left his beloved lepers in the care of one who would, like himself, persevere to the end. Father Conrardy volunteered to go to the living death of the pest-house in the Sandwich Islands over ten years ago, but Father Damien would not let him start until last year. Another priest, Father Wendelin Moellers, left some time ago to help him when Father Damien should be gone, and he reached his destination last December. Two years ago the Superioress of the Franciscan Convent at Syracuse, N. Y., asked for volunteers to go to nurse the lepers, and the whole community at once gave their names. It was with great difficulty that the selection of the half-dozen sent could be made, so eager were all the rest to take their places."—*Home Journal*.

All who would realize, at least to some extent, the greatness of Father Damien's sacrifice should read the graphic sketch entitled "The Lepers of Molokai," published at the *Ave Maria* Office, Notre Dame, and sold at ten cents a copy.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, June 8, 1889.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SECOND year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

Physical Culture.

That physical culture is of great importance cannot be denied, since its tendency is to sustain health and impart strength to the body, and thus by maintaining a sound organism facilitate the exercise of the bodily and mental faculties. Without a proper amount of exercise health is lost; without health, no happiness. Whatever there is of beauty or happiness in wealth; whatever there is in sovereign power; whatever of delight or solace is gained from these acquisitions, without health it is impossible for them to be of any service to the possessor. So great is the influence of health that without its co-operation every other comfort is torpid and lifeless. This happiness is often thrown away in idleness, or in foolish experiments on our own strength; we allow it to perish without a thought of its value, or waste it to show how much we have to spare.

According to a law of the muscular system, whenever a muscle is called into frequent use its fibres increase in thickness within certain limits and become capable of acting with greater force; whilst, on the contrary, muscles that are little used decrease in size and power.

The best and most healthy exercise is to be found in outdoor sports which bring into play the greatest number of muscles. Of course exercise should be judiciously indulged in; for if carried to excess, far from proving beneficial, they will prove only detrimental to the participant. It is of frequent occurrence to see young men weak and broken down in health, owing to a lack of judgment in physical exercises.

Exercise should be regular and frequent. The evil consequences of neglect of exercise are gradual, and steal slowly upon the individual, and sooner or later are manifested in weakness and disease.

All people at all times have recognized physical exercise as being of the utmost importance, especially in the training of youth. History presents many examples among the nations of ancient times, noteworthy among whom were the Spartans under Lycurgus, and the Persians under Cyrus. One of the chief objects of the legislation of Lycurgus was to make of the Spartans a race of hardy men and excellent soldiers. With this end in view he introduced a regulation of the most cruel and inhuman nature.

On the birth of a child it was examined by the Elders of each tribe, and if they found it strong and well proportioned, orders were given for its education; but if weak and deformed, it was condemned to death. He ordered the children to be brought up under the care of prudent and experienced persons who were present at their diversions to observe with exactness the spirit and temper of each. At the age of seven years the boys were formed into companies under the guidance of strict disciplinarians. Their education was only an apprenticeship to obedience. While at table they were asked different and difficult questions and obliged to give prompt and exact answers, conveying in as few words as possible the reason and proof of their opinions; from this resulted the concise and pithy style for which the Spartans were so noted. As said before, the chief desire of Lycurgus was to form a robust and manly people: the chief object in the education of youth was to accustom them to all the vicissitudes of life. At a very tender age children were obliged to be frugal and temperate in their diet, to go barefoot, to lie in beds made

of reeds gathered with their own hands, to wear the same clothes summer and winter, and many other hardships of a like nature. This means of training inured them to heat and cold, labor and fatigue; so that when they met with great trials and hardships they suffered with the most heroic patience and fortitude.

The Persians underwent a similar course of training, being obliged to practise the same precepts as those taught to the Spartans, and like results were obtained. It is a recognized fact that participation in physical exercise has a tendency to decrease the disposition to do evil by promoting a healthy body and mind. Take, for instance, the Persians: as long as they practised all the precepts and indulged in the exercise taught them in their youth, they remained one of the most opulent and powerful nations of ancient times; but no sooner did they permit themselves to be weakened by their prosperity and corrupted by their vices than their monarchy rapidly declined. Nor was this the case with the Persians only; many other nations suffered like consequences.

The Cretans, perhaps, held physical exercise in higher estimation than did any other race; at least it appears so from the mere fact that in choosing a king their selection fell on the person most accomplished in mental and physical faculties; or, according to Telemaque, "one with a body well trained and soul adorned with wisdom and virtue." The regency was open to all comers possessed of the above qualities, and was determined by public games, consisting of wrestling, boxing and chariot racing at which were assembled the principal citizens of a hundred cities. After these physical contests, they were conducted into a sacred place and obliged to undergo a most rigorous mental examination. On the contestant who vanquished all others at their diversions was bestowed the crown.

Recently a great many inconsistent persons have been crying down "athletic sports," indulged in so freely at college, and are astounded to think that so wise a body of men as a college faculty tolerate such a thing to go on to the detriment of the education of the students. The considerations we have made should be sufficient to show how absurd such people are, and what little value they place upon health.

Perhaps the best argument in favor of athletic sports will be found in the result of the recent investigation held at an Eastern college. Becoming weary of the cry of these incredulous persons, the faculty of the institution, in order to silence them and, at the same time, satisfy

their own curiosity, held an investigation, and it was found that the three-fourths, or more, of the students who took exercise, in one form or another, gave the best satisfaction in their classes; while the remainder who took no exercise whatever made little or no progress.

Let those who look with indifference upon the value of health listen to the voice of the poet who says:

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as
day."

J. E. C.

(From the South Bend Tribune.)

Dedication of the New St. Patrick's Church, South Bend.

The magnificent church of St. Patrick's congregation on South Taylor street in this city, which has been in course of construction for more than two years, was formally dedicated to the worship of Almighty God yesterday (Sunday), with the solemn and imposing rites of the Roman Catholic Church. The dedication proper was conducted in private with closed doors by Bishop Dwenger, assisted by a number of clergy from the city and Notre Dame, at nine o'clock. Afterwards the doors were thrown open, and the thousands of people in waiting made a rush for the interior. Only a small portion of those thronging the sidewalks and streets in the vicinity could get in, although the seating capacity of the new church is nearly one thousand. Special trains from Elkhart, Laporte, Valparaiso and other points, bringing hundreds of people to the city, arrived shortly before the hour of dedication, and helped to swell the crowd. Several bands accompanied the excursionists, and these, together with bands from our city that had been engaged for the occasion, made the streets lively with music and marching. A procession of Catholic societies of the city and surrounding places went through some of the streets in the vicinity of the church before the dedicatory services were begun.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated at half-past ten by Very Rev. Father Corby, of Notre Dame, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Fitte and Morrissey as deacon and subdeacon. There were in the sanctuary others of Notre Dame and the Catholic clergy of the city. The choir was in charge of Miss Mary Monahan, the efficient organist, who has been with the church in this capacity for many years.

The architecture of St. Patrick's is Gothic and

renaissance, and this design is carried out in the interior as well as the exterior. The interior finish is the richest and most attractive to the eye of any church in the city. The windows are filled with most artistic and modern designs of stained glass, and all are gifts from the congregation.

One of the most beautiful statues ever imported into this country has been secured, through the offices of Bishop Dwenger, by Father Hagerty. It is the latest representation of the Sacred Heart from the studio of the famous Froc-Robert, of Paris. The artist has combined the Grecian form with the Christian spirit. The drapery is admirably managed; the face is full of sweetness, dignity and benevolence. The drapery of the church has been, whether from accident or design, made to harmonize with the scale of colors used in the church. The motive of the scheme is yellow, which ranges from the palest ivory of the arches of the roof to the rich old gold of the pillars. The frescoes underneath and above the clerestory were designed by Father Hagerty himself; they symbolize the mysteries of the Christian faith. The rose-window, although breaking into the prevailing tint with warmer lines, is in harmony with the prevailing good taste shown in the color scheme of the church. If there is no dim, religious light, there is a brilliancy and warmth that makes up for it.

The acoustics of the church are excellent. The voices of the choir were heard with intense distinctness in all parts of the church, though it was feared the absence of male voices would have rendered the music somewhat ineffective. Miss Shickey, Miss Sullivan, Mr. Demorest and the other ladies and gentlemen of the choir sang Millard's Mass with perfect effect. Every intonation and Miss Sullivan's exquisite voice was correct and distinct, though she labored under the disadvantage of singing the tenor part; but the Millard's Mass and the Verdi trio are so very familiar to the congregation at St. Patrick's that the slightest fault would have been remarked. The general verdict was one of unstinted praise—Miss Shickey having been in excellent voice.

Father Hagerty has every reason to be satisfied with the result of his work which, in spite of ill health and many discouragements, has been carried on to such a magnificent pitch of success. The memorial windows are enduring monuments of the love his people have for a pastor who has never spared himself in their service and the service of God.

The edifice is an architectural ornament to the city. It is built of selected yellow brick with buff Bedford stone and terra cotta brick trimmings. It has a frontage of 66 feet and a depth of 147 feet. There are two towers, each surmounted by a spire, the taller of which, surmounted by a gilded cross, reaches a height of 155 feet from the base. There are two entrances, one in the centre and one in the larger tower on

the north. Above the main entrance is an immense rose-window, one of the most striking features of the front of the edifice. This window furnishes light for the choir loft. A bronze statue of St. Patrick occupies a niche high up on the façade in the front.

Books and Periodicals.

A SHORT CUT TO THE TRUE CHURCH, OR THE FACT AND THE WORD. By the Rev. Father Edmund Hill, C. P. Notre Dame, Indiana: Office of the "Ave Maria."

This is one of the most useful little books issued at the present day to put in the hands of the professing Christian who desires in all sincerity and earnestness of purpose to be within the True Fold—a member of the one, true Church founded by the Redeemer of the world. Its style of argument appeals to the reason of the intelligent reader, and must prepare the soul to yield to the influence of Divine grace, and act according to convictions. There is no superfluity of reasoning; but common sense is called to look at certain *facts*; compare these with *words* of *Holy Writ*, and reason allowed to draw its own conclusions. In this way the chief difficulties which Protestants find preventing them from recognizing the truth of the Catholic Church are removed. The author is a learned convert, and gives the result of his own practical experience. The work originally appeared as a serial in the pages of the *Ave Maria*. We are glad to see it republished in book form, and we bespeak for it an extended circulation, as it cannot fail to be productive of great good.

—In *St. Nicholas* for June Arlo Bates and Eleanor Putnam tell, in appreciative, almost commendatory terms, of "The Awful Thing that Tilly Ann Did," namely, to run away to a circus, and declare in the hearing of the whole audience that "she will never go back to Miss Pinchimp." The pictures by C. T. Hill are excellently interpretive. Rossiter Johnson's delightful sketch of child nature, called "Little To-bo," will be found very amusing. "Climbing the Pierced Rock" off the coast of Quebec, describes the daring and foolhardy first ascent of the great isolated cliff near Percé. David Ker tells a thrilling experience of Stanley's, almost as related by the great explorer. An appreciative story by Annie Howells Fréchette, deals with an episode in the life of the children's dog—"Bingo Was His Name," and lovers of unforced humor will gladly read of Bingo. "How I Saw 'Old Carolus,'" describes a visit by the artist, George Wharton Edwards, to Antwerp Cathedral, and has his sketches for illustrations. "The Hemlock-Peelers," by Ernest Ingersoll, could be written only by a lover of the woods; it is interesting also as reminding us of the necessity for the protection of the forests. Sarah Orne Jewett's bright little serial ends in this number. There are several articles devoted to

science—"Hidden Homes," a clear, exact and really moving story of the experiences of one of the Carpenter-bees; "My Petrified Bird's-Nest," by H. H. Ballard, who also contributes a suggestive paper on Amateur Photography. Henry Bacon's story is silly, besides being false in its historical reference. William L. Shepard has a sketch of Southern Negro life, describing the attempts of "Aunty" to learn to read.

Personal.

—Frank Hegart, of '86, is engaged in extensive and successful land business at Challis, Idaho.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby returned to Notre Dame last week from attendance upon the Fifth Provincial Council of Cincinnati.

—Bro. Raphael, C. S. C., of the Printing Office, was called away on Monday last to the scene of the recent disaster at Johnstown, Pa., by the sad news of the loss of his brother. He has the cordial sympathy of all at Notre Dame.

—Mr. James Fenlon, for many years a resident of Notre Dame, departed this life on Sunday, the 2d inst., in the 86th year of his age. The deceased was characterized in his life by all the qualities of a Christian gentleman, and when death came it found him well prepared. Mr. Fenlon's two sons, Thomas and Edward, were old-time students of Notre Dame, and to them and the afflicted family all here extend heartfelt sympathy. May he rest in peace!

—Letters have been received during the week from Very Rev. Father General Sorin. He is now in Rome and, we are glad to say, enjoying the best of health. We hope that the business which has called him away will be speedily accomplished, and the return voyage soon begun.

Since the foregoing was in type a cable dispatch was received by Rev. President Walsh conveying the glad news that the venerable Father Founder would sail for home this (Saturday) morning. Earnest prayers will be offered up that he may have a safe and speedy voyage.

—In another column we publish a report of the dedication of the new St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, of which Rev. D. J. Hagerty, '76, is the esteemed rector. The following tribute we take from the *South Bend Times*:

"In the few years that Rev. Father D. J. Hagerty, of St. Patrick's congregation, has been in our city, he has accomplished, with his congregation, a task that some men would have been proud to call a life-work. That great work saw its full fruition Sunday in the auspicious dedication of a house of worship for St. Patrick's congregation, which would do honor to much larger and more wealthy congregations in our largest cities. To accomplish this project, undertaken years ago, Father Hagerty bent every energy. He worked in season and out of season to prepare for the erection of a house of worship worthy the congregation over which he presided, and in that congregation there was a unanimity of action in seconding the efforts of their much loved pastor. In sickness and in health this great work has been one of Father Hagerty's uppermost thoughts. Difficulties did

not daunt; disappointments did not discourage, and when he saw the dedication of the new St. Patrick's Church on South Taylor street, Sunday, a feeling of pride and gratification in his heart could not have found a more magnificent excuse for existing than in that splendid church edifice itself. May he be spared many years to minister there, and may the fullest measure of success crown his efforts in his congregation. To himself and to his faithful parishioners *The Times* extends its heartiest congratulations on the splendid outcome of the expenditure of their means, and the magnificent results of a united effort of pastor and people in the construction of this splendid place of worship. Father Hagerty, though a young man, labored like a veteran; his people, though not forming a wealthy congregation, as a whole, liberally and cordially seconded their pastor's earnest efforts, and the result is the new church—an honor to the congregation, an ornament to South Bend."

Local Items.

—"Triples" this week.

—The end approacheth.

—How about the certificates?

—Two, two! Good bye to you!

—Final examinations next week.

—"All stand up!" (Grand stand cry.)

—The "Grand Stand" is *unique* in its way.

—Do you think you will get a first honor?

—What's the matter with "our only Kelly"?

—The Grads will call upon the examiners next Monday.

—The clerk of the weather has awakened to a sense of duty.

—T. Wilbanks of the Juniors spent a few days in Chicago this week.

—The "umbrella mascot" in right field did good service on Thursday morning.

—A number of people from South Bend were present at Thursday morning's game.

—New scenery will be painted for the opera to be produced Commencement week.

—A large delegation of old students from Chicago will attend Commencement in a body.

—There will be a number of contestants, and, we understand, excellent talent in the elocutionary contest.

—Healy says that there are just 1,209,600 seconds between now and Commencement—and Healy knows.

—Great preparations are being made for the annual reunion and banquet of the St. Cecilia Society, which will take place next Thursday afternoon.

—"Zeke" wishes to have us understand that B. Hugh's nine is called the "Invisibles" not the "Invincibles." If so, we advise "Zeke" to join the "Invisibles."

—Under the energetic direction of the Rev. Prefect of Discipline and Prof. Liscomb, the opera is progressing finely, and the second presentation promises to be even a greater success than the first.

—It is reported that the four-oared race will,

after all, occur as at first arranged. There will, however, be some changes in the *personnel* of the crews. All hope that nothing will prevent the regatta, which is always a great feature of Commencement time.

—The second game of the series for the spring championship in the second nines of the Junior department was played on the 2d inst. The "Reds" batting was the feature of the game. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
REDS:—	3	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	=7
BLUES:—	5	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	=10

—At the last regular meeting of the Leonine Society, in Holy Cross Seminary, several good papers were read. F. J. Curry prepared a well-written paper on Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Mr. Donahoe read a description of the story in Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh," T. A. Crumley gave a reading from Bryant. The closing exercises of the society will be held on St. Aloysius' Day.

—Last Saturday afternoon, a party of six Juniors, with Mr. Hennessy as spokesman, called upon Rev. Father Walsh and politely requested recreation for the Junior Confirmation boys. It is unnecessary to mention the fact that their request was granted. The afternoon was spent in two exciting ball games, after which the party adjourned to Bro. Leopold's store, where a nice little spread had been arranged.

—B. Hugh's "Invincibles" again crossed bats with the third nine special last Monday and were, by a streak of luck, victorious by a score of 23 to 18. The features of the game were Noe's catch in right field and the batting of the "Invincibles." The third nine say they want one more trial at them, when they will make the "Invincibles" so sick of base-ball that they won't know an error from a home run.

—The 17th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was called to order Wednesday evening, May 30. Masters Harry Bronson and G. Weitzel read well-written criticisms on the 16th and 15th regular meetings respectively. Master F. Wile was appointed to criticise this meeting, and W. Hennessy the next. The judges on the last debate reached a decision in favor of the affirmative. After some minor miscellaneous business, the meeting adjourned.

—We gave in our last number a notice of the large collection of plants, etc., lately procured from Mr. W. W. Calkins, of Chicago; and we take occasion this week to thank the gentleman for a large box containing many valuable specimens which he presented to the Museum. Among the most valuable objects we notice a collection of 125 Florida lichens; some fossil corals and shells; a magnificent specimen of cuttle-fish; the saw of a saw-fish; six Indian stone axes from the Illinois river basin; some large sections of rare woods, etc. Mr. Calkins has spent years in accumulating these objects of natural history, and by handing them over to a museum of an

educational institution he realizes the fact that thus they will be of use to a greater number, and will help the cause of education in general. His name will never be forgotten by the future students of Notre Dame and by the visitors to the Museum.

—BASE-BALL.—Last Thursday the special nine of the University "crossed bats" with two of Chicago's crack amateur organizations. The day was all that could be desired, and the games were worthy of the day. In the morning they played the "Jenny and Grahams." The game was called at 9.15, with Robertson of the "Maroons" as umpire. It was a pretty contest all through; and it looked as if the University boys were winners until the eighth inning when a wild throw to first by Cartier let in the winning tally for the Chicago club. Both nines were in excellent form, and the game was decided only by the element of chance that enters so largely into contests of that character. The batteries were: Long and Cartier for the University, and Noll and McAdams for the Chicago club. The features of the game that were particularly noticeable were the phenomenal catch, on third by Kelly, and the work of the "Jenny and Grahams" left fielder. Both batteries did excellent work, that of the University club being, if anything, the better. The result was in the "Jenny and Grahams" favor by a score of 6 to 5, as follows:

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
JENNY AND GRAHAMS:—	3	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	=6
UNIVERSITY:—	1	0	0	2	0	1	1	0	0	=5

* * *

The afternoon game between the University team and the Chicago Maroons was called at 3.30, with H. Smith as umpire. The game was destitute of brilliant plays and was not so interesting as the morning contest. The batteries for the afternoon game were: for the University Cooke, Cartier and Fleming; and for the Maroons, Miller and Long. The work of the University in-field was particularly fine. The specials won by a score of 11 to 8, as follows:

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
UNIVERSITY:—	1	0	0	1	3	5	1	0	*	=11
MAROONS:—	0	2	0	2	4	0	0	0	0	=8

Board of Examiners.

SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATION, JUNE 14-19.

(Under the General Supervision of REV. T. E. WALSH.)

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Messrs. Ahlrichs, Adams, Alvarez, Akin, Bunker, Brennan, Burns, Burger, Blessington, Barnes, Brewer, H. Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Blackman, Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, S. Campbell, E. Chacon, Cusack, Cavanaugh, Carney, T. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, W. Campbell, L. Chacon, Dacy, Dore, Delaney, Dougherty, Davis, S. Fleming, Foster, J. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Ford, Fitzgerald, Goebel, Gallardo, Garfias, Gallagher, Hepburn, Houlihan, Healy, Hayes, Hackett, Hughes, L. Herman, M. Howard, E. Howard, Heard, F. Jewett, Kenny, J. Kelly, Knoblauch, Karasynski, Louisell, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, F. Long, L. Long, G. Long, Larkin, McNally, H. Murphy, McErlain, H. McAlister, Mackey, Jno. McCarthy, McAuliff, McKeon, McGinity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, W. Meagher, Melady, Mithen, H. C. Murphy, K. Newton R. Newton, Nester, A. O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Donnell, O'Hara, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, Prichard, Prudhomme, Powers, Reynolds, Rorke, W. Roberts, Rothert, Stewart, Schmitz, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Stephenson, H. Smith, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Toner, Tiernan, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Woods, C. Youngerman, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, J. Allen, Aarons, Adler, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Baily, Baltes, T. Cleary, Tettard, Ciarcoschi, E. Connors, Cass, Connelly, A. Campbell, Collins, Cauthorn, Chute, Covert, L. N. Davis, Des Garennes, Daniels, Duffield, Darroch, Ernest, Elder, Falvey, C. Fleming, P. Fleming, Frei, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Ferkel, Green, R. Healy, J. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Hinkley, Hughes, Hanrahan, Hennessy, Hartman, Hahn, Ibold, Johnson, Johns, Joslyn, Krembs, King, Lamon, Lenhoff, Moncada, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Malone, Monarch, Morrison, J. Mooney, Mackey, McCarthy, Merz, McGrath, McMahan, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, F. Neef, A. Neef, Noe, OMara, O'Rourke, G. O'Brian, Populorum, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, S. Rose, J. Rose, E. Roth, C. Schillo, Sheehan, C. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, Smith, L. Scherrer, Staples, Talbot, Towne, Wright, Weitzel, F. Wile, B. Wile, Williams, Wood, Wilbanks, Young, Nester.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Brown, Boyle, Blease, Connelly, Cornell, Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Crane, Cudahy, Cohn, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Carter, Clark, Downing, Durand, Doherty, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, Dench, Dodson, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, F. Evers, G. Evers, Eckler, Elder, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, C. Furthman, W. Furthman, E. Furthman, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Girardin, Gilkison, Gray, Hendry, Hamilton, Hagus, Hill, Hedenberg, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Kehoe, Levi, Livingston, G. Zoehrlaut, Londoner, Lonergan, Lehnberg, Lee, A. Marre, J. Marre, Maternes, McPhee, Mattas, McDanel, McGuire, Mayer, Mooney, Montague, C. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Miller, Marr, Morrison, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Mosier, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Oppenheimer, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Roberts, Seerey, Snyder, Steineman, Seidensticker, Stange, Stafflin, Thornton, Trujillo, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, L. Wilson, W. Wilson, Watson, Waterman, C. Zoehrlaut.

Chatterton.

Thomas Chatterton occupies a place altogether unique in that age of varied literary excellence—the eighteenth century. Fully to estimate the characteristics in which he appears with such exceptional prominence, one must bear in mind that he was born and reared in poverty, self-taught in all except the merest rudiments of education acquired at a charity school; and so far from being encouraged, he was thwarted at every step in his strange, brief career, and that he was buried by strangers in a pauper's grave when only eighteen years of age.

Chatterton's ancestors had for many years occupied the position of sexton in the church of St. Mary of Redcliffe, at Bristol. Thus it is that we always find Chatterton in his early days in the muniment room in the tower of the cathedral rummaging through old chests, and gaining much of his knowledge from the charters and legal documents stored away there. These his father used as covers for books. This man is said to have been somewhat of a poet, a musician and an antiquary. For this reason, we think it strange that he was not able to appreciate his son's genius.

Manifesting no sympathy with the ordinary pastimes of children, Chatterton was regarded for a time as deficient in intellect. He was, however, always ambitious for distinction.

One of his sister's earliest recollections is his thirst for pre-eminence. He was confident in his own resources, and while little more than a child, he was wont to say that a man might do anything he chose. At the age of eleven he had become a contributor to Felix Farley's *Bristol Journal*. It was in the old muniment room that Chatterton wrote all the works which he had published as belonging to one Thomas Rowley, a priest of the sixteenth century. On one work in particular—an ancient romance—all his hopes were centred, and when at last he had it completed, he determined to have it published. For this purpose he undertook a journey to London. Arrived there, he obtained at first enough money for his subsistence; but after a short time the editors, though they bestowed great praise on his works, became very dilatory in recompensing him.

He had a small room in a lodging house in an obscure part of London, and here, discouraged and disheartened by his repeated failures, he put an end to his life. He was buried by some writers who could appreciate his genius, but who took little trouble to bring it before the world.

M. G. '92.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau, Saulnier and Zahm assisted in the Catechism examinations held on Sunday last.

—The Roll of Honor in the Junior and Minim departments was omitted by mistake in the SCHOLASTIC of last week.

—Miss Agnes English, whose charming disposition wins hosts of friends wherever she is known, is visiting St. Mary's. Needless to say a warm welcome was accorded her.

—Sincere sympathy is extended the Misses Mary and Bertha Voechting, esteemed pupils of St. Mary's, in the sad loss they have sustained in the death of their mother, tidings of which were received here last week.

—Rev. Father Morrissey, C. S. C., examined the Graduating Class in Geometry on June 1st and on June 2d, Very Rev. Fathers Corby and Walsh presided the Christian Doctrine examination of the same class. All acquitted themselves creditably in both studies.

—Mr. H. Currier, whose sickness was mentioned in the SCHOLASTIC two weeks ago, departed this life at Almont, Mich., on May 28. Heartfelt condolence is offered his bereaved family. The Second Seniors wish to express special sympathy to their loved class-mate, Miss Jennie, in the loss of her father.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to nineteen young ladies on May 31; he delivered an impressive sermon on the necessity of praying for supernatural strength in these days of infidelity, and exhorted all ever to remain faithful to the practices of piety commenced while at St. Mary's.

—Among the visitors of the past week were: Mrs. J. Smyth, Mrs. J. Erpelding, Mrs. J. Osborn, T. Hutchinson, J. W. Cooper, Mrs. McMillan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. K. L. Johns, Mrs. L. J. Willien, Miss A. Fleming, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mr. and Miss J. H. Batchelder, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and Miss J. Hawley, Jackson, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Moore, Watertown, Wis.; Mrs. E. L. Roberts, Denver, Colorado.

—The closing of the May devotions was attended with special ceremonies; the members of the Holy Angels' Sodality, led by Miss M. McHugh who bore the beautiful society banner, and the Children of Mary, with Miss Coll as standard-bearer, marched in procession to the church where, after a hymn and the Act of Consecration, Miss A. Donnelly crowned the statue of the Blessed Virgin with a chaplet of natural flowers. This ceremony was followed by the reception into the sodality of the following young ladies: Misses Healy, Dorsey, McCarthy, Hamilton, Barron, Schiltz, Linneen, Ledwith, Zahm, Connell, Beck and Koopman. Misses A. Hammond and J. Robinson were received as

aspirants. Rev. Father L'Etourneau officiated, and spoke a few words appropriate to the occasion.

—The last lecture of the course for the scholastic year was given on the evening of June 4, by Professor M. F. Egan. Every word was of importance; he dwelt upon the advantages accruing from habits of observation, critical reading and frequent practice in writing. A course of reading for the vacation months was suggested which, if adopted, cannot fail to produce good results. As years pass on those who have had the benefit of Mr. Egan's lectures, will realize more clearly the advantage they have enjoyed; as it is, every one regrets that so long must elapse before next year's course begins; but, in the meantime, the lectures of the year, when issued in book form this month, will contain ample food for reflection, and will prove a source of real pleasure to St. Mary's pupils to whom they were addressed.

Vacation.

The days are now approaching when the schoolgirl's mind contains one all-absorbing thought—vacation and its pleasures. Even the dreaded examinations are divested of some of their terrors by exhilarating thoughts of exhibition day, premiums, and—then good-bye for two whole months. Indeed, after ten months of hard study—the only mental food, ologies and isms—it is imperative that a schoolgirl should rest. Going to bed at 9 p. m. and rising at 6 a. m. grows monotonous after two school sessions; so a change is all important.

However, students are not the only ones who need relaxation and breathing time. The hard-working business man should dispense for a while with the cares and responsibilities of his narrow world, and take time to recruit his forces that he may commence again with renewed energy the struggle for a prominent place at Mammon's shrine.

Among Americans the tendency towards constant drudgery is more manifest than in any other nation. The Yankee, following in the footsteps of his Puritan fathers, considers it a grievous sin to relax for an instant his firm hold upon the instruments of his livelihood; and if he happen to find a few leisure moments on his hands (which is very improbable) we see him busily intent upon the whittling of his chip, or the carving of a wooden nutmeg. And this same energetic New Englander is almost invariably a prematurely old man, with sallow, wrinkled features; for constant work, you will find, is never a great promoter of loveliness.

Even though Boston is called "The Hub of the Universe" and the "Athens of America," how many brains and lives have been completely worn out in making it such! The scholar is apt to "die first atop," as was said by Dean Swift, as he regarded an oak whose upper branches had been blasted by lightning. "Dying at the top" is a very frequent case with Americans, and not only with men of letters, but also with business and professional men.

How much happier, after all is the mechanic or field laborer, who, after his day of physical toil, enjoys his evening's rest with mind untrammelled by law, politics or speculation, than the wiry, nervous broker, who rushes off in the morning after swallowing a hasty breakfast, only to return at noon for a still more hurried lunch; and even at night (for sleep is usually a rare luxury) to be contriving ways and means of becoming richer by a few paltry dollars than his neighbor. Nature, our greatest teacher, gives us beautiful examples of rest. We never see a flower blooming all the year round; and in the hot-houses, where a plant is forced by the ingenuity of the gardener to put forth its blossoms winter and summer, it will soon be exhausted and will fall to decay like the brain of man, which, when over-worked and strained by the perplexing affairs of home and state, at last falls a prey to paralysis, or to insanity.

But how do men rest? There are pleasures which are beneficial and others extremely detrimental to the constitution. Some persons, deeming it highly necessary to conform to the mode, prepare every year for a summer siege of watering-places, mountains and springs, where people vie with each other in displaying the fashions; and a constant round of the so-called pleasure dispels all ideas of rest, and we must agree with Josiah Allen's wife in styling it "a pleasure exertion." Men who manage occasionally to snatch a day from business for a "run down" to Newport or Saratoga, enjoy there no rest for their weary nerves, but, on the contrary, midnight finds many of them deeply engrossed at the gaming table. The only ones who really are benefited to the fullest extent at these delightful summer resorts are those who go, not as devotees of fashion, but the ones who, though determined to obtain all the pleasure which the place affords, are yet outside of the giddy whirl, and enjoy all the comforts of life in a quieter manner, taking sufficient time from their pleasure seeking for sleep, and who give attention to matters other than mere gayeties.

Schoolgirls should not let the mind grow rusty during vacation; a judicious mingling of

amusements and good reading will make the time prove both pleasant and beneficial; and when September calls them to their books, a renewed energy and vigor will be brought to bear upon the duties of school-life and, success will be insured. Cowper has said wisely:

"Absence of occupation is not rest.

A mind quite vacant, is a mind distressed."

Doing nothing is the most trying of ways to spend one's time; and a short period of utter idleness will make one reverse the old saying and make it read: "All play and no work make Jack a dull boy."

KITTIE MORSE,
Third Senior Class.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Anson, Ansbach, Ash, Bub, Bates, Burton, Beschameng, Butler, Barron, M. Beck, C. Beck, Bush, Clifford, E. Coll, Caren, Connell, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dorsey, De Montcourt, N. Dunkin, M. Dunkin, Flannery, Fursman, Gavan, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hepburn, Harmes, Hutchinson, Haight, Irwin, Hubbard, Kasser, Jungblut, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, A. Koopman, Linneen, J. Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, K. Morse, McCarthy, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Quealey, Reidinger, Robinson, Regan, Rentfrow, Rend, Rinn, M. Smith, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Saviers, Schiltze, Sauter, Taylor, Tress, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Violette, Wright, Webb, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Campbell, Cooper, Crane, B. Davis, Dempsey, Dreyer, M. Fosdick, Göke, Hamilton, Hull, Hoyt, Johns, Kelso, Lauth, Levy, M. McHugh, Miller, L. Mestling, Northam, Patrick, Patier, Pugsley, Quealey, Regan, M. Smyth, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Soper, Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirids.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, E. Burns, Crandall, M. Hamilton, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Winnans.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

Misses Clarke, Griffith.

FRENCH.

2D CLASS—Misses Gavan, Marley, Campeau.

3D CLASS, 1ST DIVISION—Misses Burton, C. Morse, Prudhomme, T. Balch, Studebaker, M. De Montcourt.

2D DIV.—Misses Hepburn, Wagner, B. Smith, M. Coll.

4TH CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses Bloom, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Hurff, Hutchinson, I. Horner, Roberts, N. Davis, Pugsley, Webb, Penburthy, Watson, Haight, Hamilton, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg, Jungblut.

2D DIV.—Misses Healy, Ash, Flitner, Dempsey, Campbell, Thayer.

5TH CLASS—Misses Ayer, Scherrer, Kelly.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses Bub, Beschameng.

2D CLASS—Misses Burton, Lauth, Sauter, Moore, Henke, Piper, Wehr.

3D CLASS—Misses C. Morse, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, V. Erpelding, M. Schoellkopf, Quealey, A. Keeney, Nacey.

4TH CLASS—Misses Ansbach, Nicholas, Spurgeon, K. McCarthy, I. Schoellkopf, Ledwith, Koopman, Ernest, Dreyer, Miller, Lewis, Levy, Kloth, Haney.

5TH CLASS—Misses Griffith, M. Davis, B. Davis, Göke, Graves, Rinn, Kaspar, Barry.